The Sheeps Skin pull'd off from the Wolfs back:

OR,

The Uncasing of the KNIGHT.

BEING

A Satyrical Copy of Verses

ON

The abominable and treasonable Practices of a Pagan Knight with a Christian Name, now in the *TOWER*.

Printed. 17. Jan. 1680

OF all the Plots we ever yet have read,
That Jesuites hatch'd, or Hell it self has bred,
No one like this did ever yet appear,
Tho this, of Plots, has been a fruitful year.
The *Pagan* Knight, with *Presbyterian* Face,
Shall 'mongst the Chief of Plotters have the place;
And in Hells deep Consults, there's none shall dare,
If he be by, to step into the Chair.
The King of *Spain*, and his proud vaunting Elves,
Plotted our Ruine, but 'twas like themselves;
They came with Arms, with Halters, and with Knives,
To kill the Men; with Lust, t' abuse their Wives.
The Pope, good man, plotted with bloudy Knife,
To take *Elizabeth*'s Renowned Life;
With Curses, Dagger, Pistol, Poyson too,
He honestly did his Designes pursue.
The Jesuits, of Hells Privy-Council sworn,
And all the bald-pate Priests that e'er were shorn,
Plotted at once to blow into the Air
The King, his Issue, Commons, every Peer;
And (like the Tyrant, who but wish'd it) so
To cut a Kingdoms Head off at one Blow.
Those Holy Fathers, with their Secretary,
Who with their Plots, at *Tyburn* did miscarry,
Plotted to take our Soveraigns sacred Life
By Pistol, or by Poyson, Sword, or Knife;
Then to enslave the free Necks of a Nation,
And to bring in a Popish Reformation:

Yet theſe come ſhort of what this Knight would do,
Who did more deviliſh Plots than theſe purſue;
For all their Plots this Knight had made his own,
And them upon the *Proteſtants* had thrown.
Thus, like a Wolf cloath'd in a white Sheeps Caſe,
The Knight appears with Presbyterian Face;
With them he clubs, and hears them preach and pray,
The better onely that he might betray:
For every night the Knight is brought to bed,
Of all the Treacherous Iſſue of his head,
By Mother Midnight, who the impious Brood
Did into nurſing Jeſuits hands intrude.
Hell ſuch a pile of Villany ne'er rear'd,
And ſuch a Plot as this was never heard,
To clear the Guilty (which the Devil ne'er meant)
And to accuſe and damn the Innocent;
To hang up *Dugdale*, *Bedloe*, *Smith*, and *Oates*,
And to make Proteſtants cut Proteſtants Throats;
To ſwear good Patriots honeſt Lives away,
A Liſt of which hidden in Meal-tub lay:
To bring Fire, Sword, War; Dread, and Devaſtation,
And to defile, with innocent bloud, a Nation;
And then to ſet up th' Image of the Beaſt,
To which all men muſt bow, or b'hang'd at leaſt.
But now the Wolf has loſt his outward Caſe,
And he appears with his own wolfiſh Face;
His Popiſh Claws and bloudy Fangs are ſhown,
The counterfeit Sheep for a meer Wolf is known;
And in the *Tower* ſecur'd; he now between
The Lions, Monſters, and worſe Beaſts is ſeen.
Tho with a learn'd Aſtrologer, the Fate
Of Kings and Kingdoms he did oft debate;
And tho the Stars had others Fates made known.
He never in thoſe Books could read his own.
But ſometimes Poets, who are *Vates* too,
Can tell as much as *Gadbury* can do;
And they declare, the wolfiſh Knight will be,
With ſeveral other Traytors, ſuch as he,
Who for ſuch Practices in Holds are pent,
Like wicked Vermine hang'd, next Parliament.

FINIS.